

THE Literary Guardian,

AND SPECTATOR OF BOOKS, FINE ARTS, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, AND FASHIONS,

EDITED by Messrs. BOOK-WORM, GLOW-WORM, and SILK-WORM.

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Apology for our Prospectus.

A FRAGMENTARY CHAPTER OF TROUBLES AND COMMOTIONS.

Troublesome Friends—Difficulties of Starting—Our Manœuvring—And who "WE" are—Proposals for a Prospectus—The Doctors differ, severally depart, and leave the Printer's Devil to enter an Explanation of this extraordinary Fracas.

OUR first number is now before the public, who cannot hail its appearance more heartily than we do. No one can imagine the vexations we have endured, in the prosecution of our undertaking. From the very moment that our first "announcement" of sixteen quarto pages for twopence was issued, we have been attacked, right and left, with dissuasive remonstrances from trusty and loving friends, ominous hints from insidious rivals, and inquiries and cross-examinations by inquisitive people of every sort; who all urged the unprofitableness, nay, utter ruination of our projected labours, and very nearly smothered us with an ocean of scribbled paper. Publishers "hem'd" and looked a world of doubts,—booksellers begged to apologize for venturing an opinion; printers trembled when our plans were laid before them; and their devils frowned most villanously black upon us as we turned our backs to leave. But we were not to be so driven from the post we had taken up, for we had not reckoned, as is too often the case, "without our host." Deucalion says to Pyrrha, "nos duo turba sumus;" but we are three, and each of us a *turba* in himself. In the first place ("seniores priores,") there is Mr.

BOOK-WORM, a very shrewd, well-informed, plodding little gentleman, of Scottish descent, and therefore, not altogether ignorant that two and two make four. Indeed, and in truth, he is a clever hand at ciphering; and his calculations of estimates and ways and means, were made out with a clearness and precision which would have obtained the unalloyed applause of the indefatigable Joseph Hume himself, and could not but satisfy us, "on the tottle of the whole." Then there is Mr. GLOW-WORM, a gloriously good-natured fellow; a "sister-islander," in blood and birth, but a perfect gentleman for all that same. Mr. G. was mightily amazed when the *botheration* commenced, and laughed most inordinately at the trouble every body was taking about every body's affairs but his own, and finally launched forth in an eloquent harangue, about the liberality and disinterestedness of himself and brother patriots, and the gratitude which we had every reason and right in nature to demand from the public.

But this did not do: the tide of letters ran high, the soft breathed whispers of our innumerable friends, swelled into a pretty smartish breeze, before they reached our editorial ear; and it became evident that, whatever dangers might attend our new critical vessel in its future progress, a greater difficulty already presented itself; and that difficulty was how, in the first instance, to "belay our sheets," and clear out of port, against such a conflict of wind and tide. In this dilemma, we bethought ourselves of our amiable and accomplished comrade and compeer Mr. SILKWORM, who, on the naturally sound basis of a tolerably good understanding, had, in the course of his foreign travels, raised a superstructure of polished elegance and symmetry, forming a *tout-ensemble* of captivating civilization, admirably adapted for the every day humanities and etiquettes of polite life. A circular letter was speedily drawn out, which, in round about terms, and well turned sentences, thanked the public for their kind attentions; but informed them, that we knew pretty much as well as they could, what we were about. This had the desired effect: our friends held their peace; the whispering winds abated; the epistolary tide declined within moderate bounds, and heigh! pipe all hands to quarters.

Things being set a little to rights, we remembered our promised Prospectus, and a

general congress was convened for the purpose of taking the same under consideration. But here a new difficulty arose—what should we say for ourselves? Each of us happened to "have an idea," and each agreed but in one point,—that the others knew nothing about the matter.

Mr. GLOW-WORM was for mounting upon stilts, and "stirring the people up with a long pole," as he elegantly expressed himself: he declared "he could a tale unfold," which, for dazzling brilliance, should eclipse every other tale that ever was heard of; and concluded his discourse with another dilation upon our patriotism and liberality, and another invocation of the gratitude and respect of an enlightened public. Mr. BOOKWORM did not at all approve of this "idea," and wished to enter more elaborately and scientifically into the matter. He proposed, in the first place, taking a general view of the origin and antiquities of prospectuses and proclamations, with a dissertation on their uses and abuses, from the earliest period to the present time. After this, he would explain the difference between the papyrus leaf and wooden tablets, formerly in vogue, and the paper of more modern date, which would lead to an interesting inquiry into the invention of the latter, and the various water marks, &c. &c. from time to time made use of. He would then "attempt" to prove the superior utility of printing over manuscript writing; and, in a short but lucid argument, would settle the long disputed question, as to the first inventor of the valuable art of typography. He then proceeded to descant upon the state of literature and science, in the middle ages; and soon found himself in hot debate with the North American missionaries; when he was interrupted by the "still, small voice" of Mr. SILKWORM, who declared him and his learning "an intolerable bore," quite foreign to the purpose, and every way unpalatable to the taste of the day. With an easy and confident air, which the conscience of merit never fails to inspire, Mr. SILKWORM proceeded to drop the heads of "his idea of a prospectus." Beginning with the remark that, "at a time when, &c." and going on with "the march of intellect," the present enlightened age, and "the dawning of an intellectual Aurora," he briefly set forth "the high and important objects of our work;" and concluded, by throwing ourselves upon "the liberality of the British nation." The whole of this gave great um-

brage to Messrs. GLOW-WORM and BOOK-WORM; the one thought it a great deal too flippant, self-sufficient, and coxcomical; the other declared that it was disgustingly modest; and that it "begged the question" in a most mean and mercantile style: that, to be accused of modesty, was a most horrible accusation; and, indeed, the only accusation a public man should ever be ashamed of: and that sooner than beg any question of a set of people he intended to enlighten, he would beg his bread in the streets!

The sequel is soon told. From smooth words we came to rough words; and with rough words came other roughish arguments; and having once o'erstepped the bounds of decorum, the scene became one of unparalleled confusion. All our notes, papers, pens, &c. were vigorously canvassed in the heat of our excitement; and each vied in annihilating arguments he would not take the trouble to refute: till, at last, having exhausted all our fund of eloquence, we most unceremoniously dispersed, leaving the poor printer's devil, who had been waiting two hours for "copy," an eye witness of our extravagancies, to pick and choose, compile, collate, puff, and prospectus us as he pleased.

"THE PRINTER'S DEVIL presents his duty to the ladies and gemmen, literally and interlectuary, and humbly trusts they will make an attonement for the difficulties and disadvantages under which he now labors; as I am sorry to say I have never had no experience in the Polly Gee line. He has collected with the greatest dilligense all the peeces of riting as appeared at all elgibul; and I will indiver to lay out their remains as conspikiously as possible, as well as the gemmen as wrote them. In case there should be any kind of disappointment to see so very small a bit of Mr. Book-worm, the Printer's Devil feels himself recumbent to explane as how that poor old gemman cum off quite second or third best, without no cumparison; and that his papers were torn about, and his voice even drowned, as never was, seeing, that the two younger gemmen were much more wolatile and perfuse in their discourse. Without more adoo, I remane, honourd gentlefokes, your obednt servant to command, THOS. TIMPAN."

Bits of Mr. Book-worm.—"The origin of prospectuses and proclamations is involved in much obscurity; and the curious inquirer will meet with but few authentic records on this interesting subject of earlier date than the flood. Indeed, it may very reasonably be expected that on many points of antiquarian research, the antediluvian authorities are but few and unsatisfactory. * * Herodotus mentions one important * * but it remains very doubtful. * * In the darker ages *

* no satisfactory conclusion * * further investigation * * must still continue a matter of doubt and * * whether the progress of mind * * unsatisfactory results * * ."

Bits of Mr. Glow-worm.—"Actuated by the sublimest feelings of universal benevolence, which are always inherent in the minds of great and good men, the proprietors of *The Literary Guardian* *

* in literature and the arts, both at home and in the principal foreign parts * * Every matter of taste, fact, morality, immorality, and propriety, will in turn receive the attention of those to whom its consideration has been a pleasure; and many articles of a light, agreeable, and fanciful nature will be added for the perusal of those who read rather for temporary and ephemeral amusement, than the more substantial sweets of intellectual instruction. * * The whole so selected, so treated, and so set forth, will be given to the public at the contemptible price now charged for the merest compilations of dimensions and pretensions immeasurably inferior to *The Literary Guardian*. * * Who shall doubt our disinterestedness and liberality, when they receive our sixteen goodly quarto pages in exchange for two paltry * * Who shall doubt our independence and liberality, when they skim down the smooth and benevolent surface of our critical columns?—

Talking of criticisms reminds us that we have a word to say on that score, to which we beg to call particular attention. *The Literary Guardian* will be actuated by no private or party feelings; no unfair influence shall urge our pen against our honest and conscientious judgment. On the contrary, it shall be our constant aim to acquire a high character for strict impartiality and infallibility of opinion, expressed in terms pre-eminent for candour, kindness, and general good-fellowship.—While, on the one hand, we shall ever reject with contempt the imputation of labouring under the slavish auspices of any powerful individual or league of literary despots, still more should we abhor the alternative of declaring open and indiscriminate war against the whole publishing community, and of claiming the support of the friends of literature by professing ourselves enemies to every thing they have been accustomed to admire. Far, very far from these are the feelings with which we shall enter upon our task; for, as *Shylock* said to *Anthony*, so say we to all the worthy company of authors, actors, poets, painters, compilers, printers, publishers, and managers:—

"We would be friends with you, and have your love,
Assist your present works, BUT TAKE NO DOIT
OF USANCE FOR OUR PRAISE!"

Shreds of Mr. Silk-worm.—"The advances which have of late years been made in the elegances and accomplishments of polite life, the rapid strides of intellect and science, the exhilarating breezes of persevering industry on the sea of literature and discovery, all conspire to * * * The support of the mental public in general. * * To the ladies in particular, for "the great love we bear them," (as an elegant writer expresses himself,) and the pains we take to enlarge "the graces of amiability," to "advance their social condition," and to adorn them in the newest and most engaging fashions, with a discriminating regard to taste, and "a large benevolence of soul," * * * To the man of science, that he may show his learning; to the ignorant man, that he may learn to cover up his ignorance; to the man of taste, and every body "connected with habits of elegance and refinement," we shall be found a sympathetic companion; to the tasteless man, we shall act as a refiner of all vulgar propensities, and a Mentor of discrimination. To the public amusements of the day we shall be found a never-failing guide, and to the solitary fireside we shall be invited as a consolatory and intelligent friend, * * * &c. &c. &c.

"Read and approved, errors excepted."

* * * * * QUIS?

Spectator of Books.

THE PLEASURES AND PROFITS OF PUBLISHING.

Edinburgh Review, No. 106, Art. VI.
"Observations on Paper Duties."

WE are not of that party who habitually and indefatigably rail at the increased and increasing growth of books that has of late years taken place. We think that, in the end of the long run, the reading public must be benefited in proportion not only to the quality, but the quantity of these productions. It is difficult to imagine that book after book should be written and printed on matters of research and taste, and no new fact—no new illustration, be elicited from their succession; indeed, we could almost venture to assert that, on a careful examination, not a book, however common place, will be found without some novelty either in the matter or the manner of its contents. To those, then, who have the leisure and inclination to read and collect all these scattered materials upon any one or more particular branches of study, the advantage must be considerable, and the occupation one of constant interest. The advantage to authors and publishers, from these abundant supplies, is by no means so certain. How little are readers aware of the labour, the disappointment and vexation of spirit, nay, the actual pecuniary loss, which too frequently

are the only reward of the author whose industry and talent they are perhaps admiring! And how far less is the novice author, who has just completed the MS. of a work which is to "set the Thames on fire," and bring down upon his name the applause of surrounding multitudes, aware that on that work he has but thrown away much valuable time for the privilege and means of throwing after it a considerable capital of perhaps more solid worth! To these, in the manner of Johnson, we would say,—

"Ye, who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope; who expect that the world will perform the promises of authors, and that the exigencies of the printer's bill will be supplied by the publisher's account, attend to the doctrines of the *Edinburgh Review*, Prince of *Critical Journals*!"

It is right that every body should know something of the difficulties by which the precincts of literature are surrounded, and the innumerable waste pipes through which the much-boasted "profits of publishing" are carried off, to add a paltry pittance to the tax-list of the year. The following particulars are condensed from the journal above cited:—

"The taxes on books consist of the duties on paper and advertisements, and the eleven copies given to public libraries. The first are as follow:—

First class, paper (including all printing paper)	3d. per lb.
Second ditto	1½d. per lb.
Glazed paper, mill board, &c.	£1 : 1 per cwt.
Paste board, first class	£1 : 8 per cwt.
Ditto, second class	14s. per cwt.

These duties produced, last year (1830), £665,872 : 5 : 8½ of net revenue. The regulations and penalties under which they are charged and collected, are about the most complicated, vexatious, and oppressive, of any in the excise laws. At an average, the duties amount to from 20 to 30 per cent. of the cost of the paper and pasteboard used in the printing and boarding of books. Heavy, however, as these duties certainly are, they are light compared with those laid on advertisements. A duty of 3s. 6d. is charged on every advertisement, long or short, inserted in *The Gazette*, or in any newspaper, or in any work published in numbers or parts; and as the charge, exclusive of the duty, for inserting an advertisement of the ordinary length in the newspapers, rarely exceeds 3s. or 4s.; and as it is quite as necessary to the sale of a work that it should be advertised, as that it should be printed, the advertisement duty may be justly regarded as an *ad valorem* duty of 100 per cent. on the material of a most important manufac-

ture! Had this duty furnished a large revenue, something might have been found to say in its favour; but even this poor apology for oppressive exaction cannot be urged in its behalf. Last year (1830), it produced £157,482 : 7 : 4 in Great Britain, and £16,337 : 14 in Ireland; making together £173,821 : 1 : 4; of which miserable pittance, we believe we may safely affirm, a full third was derived from advertisements of books."

From tables here introduced, which are stated to have been "drawn up by the first practical authority in London", the following encouraging prospects are opened to the young adventurer in printing. They refer to "an octavo volume of 500 pages, printed on respectable paper, to be sold by retail for 12s. a copy."

Cost of 500 copies, including printing, paper, boarding, and advertising..	£177	8	0
Of which goes in duty upon paper, boards, and advertisements	£31	16	6
The total receipts of 475 copies at 8s. 5d. (25 copies being deducted for the author and the public libraries) amount to.....	199	17	11
Leaving a profit of £22 : 9 : 11 for the author and publisher.			
750 copies would cost	218	1	0
Of which goes in taxes	42	14	11
The sale of 725 copies would give..	305	2	5
Leaving a profit of	87	1	5
1000 copies cost	259	14	0
Of which is government duty, 53 13 2			
The receipts of 975 copies are.....	410	6	3
Leaving a profit of	150	12	3

Statement of the probable success of a Pamphlet of five Sheets, or eighty Pages; 500 copies being printed.

Cost of printing, paper, stitching, Stamp Office duty, advertising, &c.	42	6	6
Of which goes to the Stamp Office	9	5	0
Receipts of 475 copies (25 being given for £2 : 14 : 0)	51	6	6
Leaving a profit, when all are sold..	8	19	6

From these statements, it will appear, that when the edition is an average one of 750 copies, the duties amount to about a fifth, or 20 per cent. on its cost; and that whether the edition consist of 500, 750, or even 1000 copies, the duties may invariably be said to exceed all the remuneration the author can reasonably expect to obtain for his labour!

"But we must bear in mind, that the preceding statements show only how the duties affect books when the whole edition is sold off at the full price; this, however, but seldom happens. Excluding pamphlets, it appears that, at an average, the original impression of half the books printed is hardly sold off, except at a ruinous reduction of price. If only 625*, out of 725, are sold, the result would be only a profit of £44 : 19 : 5, for the author and publisher; were only 525 copies sold, the cost would not be more than balanced; and were no more than 425 copies sold, the Stamp Office would have received £42 : 15 : 11 on a speculation, by which

the author had lost years, perhaps, of toil, and the bookseller £40 : 4s of his capital!

"Such is now the public taste for novelty, and its distaste for every kind of information which has been time enough divulged to have grown stale, that, "if a book do not *speedily* succeed, it is so very ruinous an affair, that a publisher is glad to dispose of the greater part of an impression at a fourth or fifth part of its regular price, and is often, indeed, obliged to sell it as waste paper to the trunk maker or the tobacconist."

"On a late investigation into the affairs of an extensive publishing concern in the metropolis, it was found, that, of 130 works published by it in a given time, *fifty had not paid their expenses*. Of the eighty that did pay, thirteen only had arrived at a second edition; but, in most instances, these second editions had not been profitable. In general, it may be estimated, that of the books published, *one-fourth* do not pay their expenses; and that only one in eight or ten can be reprinted with advantage. As regards pamphlets, we know we are within the mark when we affirm, that *not one* in fifty pays the expenses of its publication."

The attentive reader, after examining the above melancholy statement, will, doubtless, be surprised at the ardour and the rapidity with which publishers still continue to throw away their capitals for the public weal, and will, perhaps, inquire how, for instance, a large sheet like *The Literary Guardian*, so closely printed, as to contain nearly as many words as a moderate fashionable-novel volume, can possibly be sold with profit for two pence. The answer is plain;—*strength* consists in *numbers*. A sale short of ten thousand will hardly pay the actual expenses of getting out this work, to say nothing of the editorial department, and the original outlay for advertisements and announcements, before a number is printed. *Verbum sat sapienti!*

We had intended making a remark or two upon some of the observations and suggestions contained in the *Edinburgh* article;—these, however, we must briefly hit off at another opportunity.

* Printed by mistake "225."

A NERVOUS HERO.

The Dutchman's Fireside; a Tale. By the Author of "Letters from the South," &c. 2 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

THESE volumes have been published some weeks, but as the dearth of novelty has been very great ever since their appearance, we were fain to take them up, and have been much pleased with their contents. The scene is in the American settlements; the date, as the motto implies, "somewhere about the time of the old French war," and the *dramatis personæ* re-

spectable and flourishing Dutch colonists, Indian savages, gossiping old dames, and military men. We shall now proceed to give an extract from the early part of the first volume, which refers to a very important personage, reserving further remarks for the close of this article.

The inmates of the old family mansion of the Vancours, are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Mrs. Colonel Vancour and her daughter Catalina (the heroine), who are now on their passage from New York, in "The Patroon." The weather has been rather unpropitious, and there are doubts of the safe arrival of the vessel. It comes, however, at last:—

"Ariel was not mistaken: it was the Patroon, and, in a few minutes, Madame Vancour and her daughter Catalina were welcomed once more at the fireside of their best friends, with a quiet speechless warmth, which nature dictated and nature understood. All but Ariel spoke through their eyes; but it was the characteristic of that worthy bachelor, to make a noise on all occasions of merriment or sadness; the more he felt, the more noise he made, and this propensity followed him even in his sleep! he being a most sonorous and indefatigable snorer in all its varieties."

At length the supper table is laid:—

"But where is Sybrandt?" asked Madame Vancour, "I expected, to be sure, he would be here to welcome us home."

"Oh, that's true, Denis," said Egbert, "what has become of the boy?"

"I can't tell."

Ariel broke into one of his inspiring laughs:—

"I can," said he; "the poor fellow sneaked away home, as soon as he knew the Patroon was in sight."

"Egbert shrugged his shoulders; Denis twisted a piece of celery with such a petulant jerk, that he overturned the whole arrangement of the dish, the pride of Dame Phillis, presiding goddess of the kitchen. Ariel cried, 'Ahem!' like a stentor, and madame and her daughter exchanged significant looks, and smiled. Sybrandt appeared not that night, and nothing was said on the subject."

Here we have a very pretty snatch at our hero that is to be, and our curiosity is excited for the next chapter, where "the reader is introduced to a bashful young gentleman." This chapter is all highly characteristic and amusing, but we can only afford space for a very few of the young gentleman's peculiarities. In the first place, as a matter of course,—the person and aspect of Sybrandt were eminently handsome, but his manners and address deplorably rustic and ungainly. Think of that, young ladies, and pity the poor Catalina, whose task it is to captivate and civilize this ungainly hero. It appears, that the cause of all this awkward-

ness was a certain Dominie Stettinius, who, "by desire of Mr. Vancour, took the entire charge of Sybrandt, at the age of seven years, and made a great scholar of him at nineteen. The good man was so zealous in plying him with books, that he forgot men, and, above all, women. * * *

There was nothing on the face of the earth he (Sybrandt) was so much afraid of as a woman, particularly a young woman, whose very presence seemed to turn him into a stone, and lock up the springs of thought as well as action. But, notwithstanding all this, woman was the divinity of his soul, worshipped in secret in his rural walks and solitary contemplations." This very Catalina, moreover, had already "become the ideal companion of his rambles; the bright vision of his imagination, and gave a zest to his existence in that visionary world which furnished almost all the materials of his happiness. He was excessively anxious to see her, and punctual in his attendance at the mansion house while the storm lasted, and there was no immediate prospect of the young lady's arrival; but the moment 'The Patroon' came in sight, his heart failed him, and he retreated into the fields, there to enjoy an imaginary meeting which he dared not encounter in reality. He embraced his cousin; kissed her cheek; made the most gallant, eloquent speeches; gazed in her face with eager eyes of admiration"—but—all these fine doings were 'in imagination!'—The churlish young rogue!"—See p. 17—36.

Having now introduced Master Sybrandt to our readers, we must leave them to improve their acquaintance at pleasure, and we think that we can promise that the young man himself will improve as much upon acquaintance with them, as he did with his sprightly cousin Catalina. Suffice it to say, that after a variety of adventures in "flood and field;" and after having faced death in a hundred shapes and forms, from the assassin's blow to the united attacks of the French army and Indian savages, he takes courage to face that very *ultimum* of danger—a WIFE!

Altogether, we are much pleased with the author's style of writing; in his description of wild and romantic scenery, he is particularly effective; his account of the savage Indians, and his adventures in the French campaign, in the second volume, are highly interesting. His love scenes and flirtation between the bashful hero and the coquettish Catalina, are generally very elegantly told, especially the final meeting and explanation, which is highly dramatic. In his "tropes and figures," he is not always so happy;—his similes have sometimes not the slightest assimilation of idea. For instance, he tells us that the garrisoned town "swarmed with red coats, as some eating cellars now do with boiled lobsters!"—Again, that Sybrandt felt "his

head like a bag of wool:" in another place, a young spark is made to say that he would as soon dare to offer his addresses to Madame Vancour, "as think of throwing a glass of wine in the face of the king." The following method of apostrophising ridicule is rather novel:—"Oh, ridicule! how often does it, in its thoughtless gambols, fling poisoned darts and *red hot shot*, which *blister* where they *light*!"—Again, but halt!—after this appeal, we will rake no further for little blemishes, but content ourselves with one more general remark. In comic and satirical scenes, these volumes are richly supplied, though they sometimes fall into caricature. The character of the old bachelor, Ariel (what an appropriate name for the little fat dump!) luxuriates in almost puerile extravagance, and abounds in coarse oaths, which is not the case, we are happy to say, in other passages. Altogether, we think *The Dutchman's Fireside* will be found a very agreeable companion to honest John Bull's fireside, when he would pass away an hour in the enjoyment of the *utile et dulce*. *

MR. BANIM'S NEW NOVEL.

The Smuggler; a Tale. By the Author of "Tales by the O'Hara Family," &c. 3 vols. Colburn and Bentley.

OTWAY has been styled "the poet of the passions." Mr. Banim, if he were a poet, might claim a similar title. As it is, we should feel inclined to dub him the "novelist of nature." Old Dame Nature is fickle and changeable—so is Mr. Banim. Dame Nature is well stored with bitters and sweets—with beauties and horrors—so is Mr. Banim. Dame Nature

Harrasses and vexes us,
Charms and perplexes us,
Creates, succours, and breaks the necks of us;

so does Mr. Banim. Mr. Banim apparently aims at the life of everybody and everything he touches, and takes whatever comes uppermost with a very bountiful hand. No peevish school-boy is he, to "quarrel with his bread and butter;" he knows that life is made up of various heterogeneous masses, and he lumps them all together with an enviable nonchalance. In the present volumes, therefore, we have a great diversity of character and incident: smugglers, and all their wily arts and gruff simplicity; indigent gentlefolks fast wasting under an attack of the "shabby gentles;" "accepted" authors insulted by ignorant managers; and a vindictive old nobleman cursing his son with a most aristocratic dignity. These volumes should simply have been called "The Adventures of Michael Mutford," for that is the name of the hero, and all the other incidents and characters are but subservient to and attendant upon him. There are several points about this work, which, notwith-

standing its general merits and highly-wrought interest, will prevent its becoming so generally popular as the author's former productions.

In the first place, it is written, for the most part, in the form of letters, a style of composition which we have always thought exceedingly ridiculous for a narrative, and, moreover, by no means inviting to the generality of readers; and, in the second, the early part of the volume, for 50 or 60 pages, is very tedious, full of dry disquisition about nothing, and leading to nothing. Even thus early, however, there are worse faults than tediousness and common-place to complain of; an unfeeling and extravagant coarseness in the details of a transaction which it would have shown a better taste to have lightly passed over, or rather omitted altogether. To rant through a scene like this, and afterwards talk so lightly and flippantly as he does to his friend Graves, shows Muford to be utterly devoid of all amiable or delicate feeling. If once the reader have the patience, however, to wade through these disagreeables, he will be rewarded for his trouble, and more and more interested as he proceeds.

The following scene is well sketched, and forms a neat extract for our first specimen. Moffit, who figures so unfortunately in this transaction, is the mysterious landlord of the Anchor Inn, and, moreover, an encourager of contraband goods:

"The fishermen here call the boats which go out to take crabs horse-boats, or horsers. As I walked along the shingles, at the back of the sea-houses, the other morning, I descried many of these making for the shore. It was about five o'clock. I had been very gravely pondering nothing at all; the shingles were almost deserted. The little incident aroused my interest, and I walked towards the point where I knew the boats would land, just to gape at fishermen who had been out all night, (at least,) and at crabs, fresh taken, and all alive, fighting and kicking with one another at the bottom of the boats, and wrenching one another's claws off.

"Passing by the rear of the Anchor, I encountered my old friend Moffit issuing from the inn by a back door. We graciously exchanged salutations. I spoke of the horsers, and said I was going to see them come in. He observed, that, having little better to do, he had the same intention. I began to suspect him of a disloyal purpose, and asked if it ever happened that a lugger met with a horser during the night? He looked too much appealed to, and with much grave earnestness assured me the thing was impossible. We continued our walk, conversing in a very friendly way.

"Some of the boats had run in upon the shingles as we gained the accustomed

touching point. We stood at one side of a buttress which had been built against a wall near to the shingles, and which, at high tides, often bore a buffet from the breakers. I wondered that the blockade-man nearest at hand had not come up to begin his usual visitation of the horsers. Mr. Moffit gave an expressive, though a timid, 'hem!' and glanced sideways; at the same moment I heard a surly subdued laugh near us, and following his eye, saw the legs of the individual of whom I had spoken protruding at the other side of the buttress, while he lolled with his back against the wall; and the next moment the man strode to the boats, and, entering one, began his prescribed task of searching for contraband articles.

"We saw him disappear successively into the confined and smoky holds of more than one boat, when my companion gently declared that he would step aboard the first which the man-of-war's-man had visited, and 'look up' a good crab or two for the Anchor. Accordingly, wishing me most politely a good morning, he crawled into the horser, and, I noticed, after regarding and handling a few of the fish, vanished into the hold.

"I stood where I was. The blockade man, a young, ill-favoured, passionate-looking fellow, soon appeared on the edge of the last boat he had had to search, and prepared, his business done, to jump on the shingles. Previous to making his spring, however, he glanced at me, and I thought—and doubtless I was right—not seeing Mr. Moffit at my side, a cloud of suspicion gathered on his heavy fleshy forehead. Then he looked round him, at the boats, and a second time went down into the hold of one of them; but not into the right one. Mr. Moffit's head now popped up from its own hold, and turning observantly in all directions, finally encouraged its body and limbs to follow it. Shortly afterwards he gained the land, and, not seeing me, or pretending not to see me, walked with his hands behind his back, in his usual grave and modest pace, towards the Anchor. As I looked after him, I heard a voice cry—'stop!' It was the blockade-man who spoke, once more preparing to jump ashore. My poor friend either did not or would not hear, or else imagined the command had not been intended for him. Again he was challenged, and his challenger hurried after him. I followed; and a tall, broad-chested, athletic lad, dressed in the flannel jacket and waistcoat which denote a working carpenter, walked on at my side.

"Mr. Moffit at length stood still, innocently and inquiringly.

"'What have you got in your coat-pockets, master?' demanded the man of power.

"'Crabs, I protest,' answered Moffit, with an appearance of perfect candour.

"'Let's see them.'

"'To be sure. There's one, and there's another;' drawing one from either pocket.

"'Any more?'

"'No, I assure you, sir.'

"'Something else, then;' and the blockade man advanced to feel. Old Moffit stepped back, remonstrating, but still not put out of countenance.

"'Don't pull the old boy about so,' said the young carpenter.

"'Best not interfere, you,' growled the man-of-war's-man, seizing the waiter of the Anchor.

"'Run, Master Moffit!' exhorted his ally.

"'Stand! you and he, both!' and the brave guardian of the coast collared the operative.

"'Now, then, run!' cried the latter, catching the sailor in his arms. While they struggled, Master Moffit certainly endeavoured to stride away. The blockade-man freed an arm, drew a pistol, and calling out—'Back at your peril!' presented it at his young antagonist. I saw a hostile and resolute frown on the lad's brow, and a knitting motion of his right hand, as they glared an instant at one another; but prudence, and perhaps, a hope that Moffit might escape, taught him better, and with a flout, and 'pho! what a fuss about nothing!' he gave over his opposition. Then the pursuer was hot in the fugitive's track, still calling out to him to stop; but he was not obeyed; and then I saw smoke and fire, and heard the sharp report of his pistol, baffled by the boom of the sea, and Moffit staggered upon the shingles and fell. I ran towards him. The blockade-man had come up before me: he knelt on one knee, and was certainly drawing out of the contested pockets sundry small rolls of tobacco. The old man lay motionless upon his face. His captor turned him up; blood came freely from his left breast; the ball had passed through him; and he was quite dead."—I. p. 148—153.

As an appropriate sequel to these smuggling matters, we had intended introducing our readers to a little of the arcana of theatrical management at our metropolitan playhouses: want of room, however, compels us to postpone it till next week.

We perceive, by a notice in a contemporary journal, that our author, "being disappointed in the publication of his new work, 'The Smuggler,' (which, agreeably to promise, delivered in writing, to his legal friend, was to have come out so far back as January last,) begs to announce that he has another still newer work ready for the press, under the title of 'The Dwarf Bride.' It will appear as speedily as the author's distance from town will enable him to superintend the correction of the

press." We hope, at any rate, he will not be again postponed through the whim of his publisher: such delays are very unjustifiable. *

A WORD ABOUT THE PEERS.

What will the Lords do? 8vo. pp. 40. Second Edition. Ridgway.

As we are precluded by the nature of our work from entering into any political discussions; all "matters in church and state" are doomed to be as a blank unto us, unblest with our smile, and untutored by our corrective hand. As literary *guardians*, however, we should be deemed unmindful of the trust reposed in us, and, as *spectators of books*, we should run the chance of being accused of blindness, or want of activity, if we did not call the attention of our readers of every class, both rich and poor, aristocratical and democratical, reformers and reformees to the pamphlet named at the head of this article. It is written in a masterly style, and "the case" is put with boldness, overwhelming truth, and apparently in a spirit of benevolent and prudential feeling. We can only afford room for one extract, and as that one does not immediately involve the case at issue, it will not, we hope, subject us to the civil offices of the Attorney-General:—

"Our peers, then, have this solid basis for their authority—the acknowledged necessity of their existence as a distinct body under our form of government. This is their security—their constant power; and to this may be added, the varying accessories of individual influence, arising from large possessions, high name, great exploits, and commanding talents, together with the other still more valuable and available force, springing from the collective acts and sentiments of their order, being in accordance with the spirit of the age in which they live.

"But firm as is the above stated basis for their authority, yet the peers must be told, and with no unfriendly feeling, that this acknowledged necessity for a third estate is general and not particular: it pleads as much for a house of senators as for a House of Lords. Therefore, in these critical times, our peers must look to their own peculiar safeguards, and these are their *individual and collective popularity*.

"Now, as individuals, (I speak of course generally,) they are, I believe, as worthy of esteem as they have been at any period of our history; but while this measure of esteem is granted to be not less, it cannot be denied that the illusion—the reverential deference with which the person and dignity of a peer have hitherto been regarded—is considerably abated. I do not mention this as an evil, I state it as a well known fact. But there is a lamentable attendant evil, which is, that while this conventional

veil has been removed by the increased and more general intelligence and independence of the people, the peers themselves have been slow to use a like diligence. In the dark ages their forefathers placed themselves in the front of war, and nobly won their coronets; but alas! in our days, in the glorious march of intellect, the descendants or substitutes of these indefatigable warriors have supinely lagged behind. Others have occupied the post of honour, where, when the halo of adventitious respect had been dispelled, our peers should have been found circled with the brighter and more enduring rays of superior industry, liberality, attainments, wisdom, and virtue. The scaffolding has been removed, and the temple found incomplete. There have been, and are many bright exceptions; men of grateful dispositions and philosophic minds, who, in the midst of every means of indulgence, have, with a wise industry, lived as if they believed that the tenure by which they held their proud stations in the world, was the attainment and diffusion of knowledge, the promotion of happiness, and the guardianship of the people; men, who considered that the law which constituted them hereditary legislators, called upon them, under an awful responsibility, carefully to qualify themselves for their high and arduous functions. But such exceptions render more glaring the general rule of those who seem to think pleasure and amusement the sole fit object of their lives, and that industry would derogate from their nobility.

"This lagging behind the intellect of the day has alienated much of the affections and respect of a large portion of the community, while the place-hunting propensities of some noble families, who have addicted themselves to politics, have fearfully detracted from a belief in public honour and patriotism. Now, while such has been the conduct of individual peers, the enactments of their collective wisdom have not been of a nature to call forth love and honour. The Lords have sedulously obeyed every minister, and harshly adopted every coercive act of each successive cabinet. No one liberal, reforming, popular measure, has originated in their house; many of such a nature which the Commons have sent up have been by them rejected or defeated, while they have carefully abstained from exercising this their restrictive privilege, by softening the rigour, abating the extravagance, or enlarging the policy of any one of those unpopular acts in which the Commons have too frequently indulged. Once, and once only, did the Peers give way, and wisely; for they retrieved, as far as in them lay, the evils of their previous opposition, regained credit with all good men, and saved Ireland from a convulsion. May they now, when the question at issue is the peace of

the whole empire, go and do likewise."—P. 10—13.

Amen! we should say, if it would not cost us a fourpenny stamp! *

ROMANTIC ANECDOTE.

Waverley Novels, Vol. XXVIII.—Peveril of the Peak, Vol. I. Cadell, Edinburgh; Whittaker, London.

THERE is more truth in one of Sir Walter Scott's fictions than in many a true and faithful history by an industrious compiler. The latter often writes obscurely about what he does not rightly understand, with false dates and false prejudices to boot; the former understands nature right well, and sketches her down with a masterly hand; her *IDENTITY* staring in every line. The present elegant and convenient edition of the *Waverley Novels*, with the additional notes and emendations of the author, has met with the success it deserved. From the volume last published we take the following romantic and elegantly told anecdote, on which the incident of the concealment and discovery of the Countess of Derby is founded:—

"The concealment and discovery of the Countess of Derby is taken from a picturesque account of a similar event, described to me by the person by whom it was witnessed in childhood. This lady, by name Mrs. Margaret Swinton, and a daughter of that ancient house, was a sister of my maternal grandmother, and, of course, my grandaunt. She was, as often happens on such occasions, our constant resource in sickness, or when we tired of noisy play, and closed around her to listen to her tales. As she might be supposed to look back to the beginning of the last century, the fund which supplied us with amusement often related to events of that period. I may here notice that she told me the unhappy story of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, being nearly related to the Lord President, whose daughter was the heroine of that melancholy tragedy. The present tale, though of a different character, was also sufficiently striking, when told by an eye witness. Aunt Margaret was, I suppose, seven or eight years old, when residing in the old mansion-house of Swinton, and already displayed the firmness and sagacity which distinguished her through life. Being one of a large family, she was, owing to slight indisposition, left at home one day, when the rest of the family went to church with Sir John and Lady Swinton, their parents. Before leaving the little invalid, she was strictly enjoined not to go into the parlour, where the elder party had breakfasted; but when she found herself alone in the upper part of the house, the spirit of her great ancestress Eve took possession of my aunt Margaret, and forth she went to examine the parlour in question. She was struck with admira-

tion and fear at what she saw there. A lady, 'beautiful exceedingly,' was seated by the breakfast table, and employed in washing the dishes which had been used. Little Margaret would have had no doubt in accounting this singular vision an emanation from the angelical world, but for her employment, which she could not so easily reconcile to her ideas of angels.

"The lady, with great presence of mind, called the astonished child to her, fondled her with much tenderness, and, judiciously avoiding to render the necessity of secrecy too severe, she told the girl she must not let any one except her mother know that she had seen her. Having allowed this escape-valve for the benefit of her curiosity, the mysterious stranger desired the little girl to look from the window of the parlour, to see if her mother was returning from church. When she turned her head again, the fair vision had vanished, but by what means Miss Margaret was unable to form a conjecture.

"Long watched and eagerly waited for, the Lady Swinton at last returned from church; and her daughter lost no time in telling her extraordinary tale. 'You are a very sensible girl, Peggy,' answered her mother; 'for if you had spoken of that poor lady to any one but me, it might have cost her her life. But now I will not be afraid of trusting you with any secret, and I will show you where the poor lady lives.' In fact, she introduced her to a concealed apartment, opening by a sliding pannel from the parlour, and showed her the lady in the hiding place which she inhabited. It may be said, in passing, that there were few Scottish houses belonging to families of rank which had not such contrivances; the political incidents of the times often calling them into occupation.

"The history of the lady of the closet was both melancholy and bloody; and though I have seen various accounts of the story, I do not pretend to distinguish the right edition. She was a young woman of extreme beauty, who had been married to an old man, a writer, named Mac Farlane. Her situation, and perhaps her manners, gave courage to some who desired to be accounted her suitors. Among them was a young Englishman, named Cayley, who was a commissioner of government upon the estates forfeited in the rebellion of 1715. In 1716, Mr. Cayley visited this lady in her lodgings, when they quarrelled, either on account of his having offered her some violence, or, as another account said, because she reproached him with having boasted of former favours. It ended in her seizing upon a pair of pistols, which lay loaded in a closet, her husband intending to take them with him on a journey. The gallant commissioner approached with an air of drollery, saying, 'What, madam! do you intend

to perform a comedy?' 'You shall find it a tragedy,' answered the lady; and fired both pistols, by which Commissioner Cayley fell dead.

"She fled, and remained concealed for a certain time. Her claim of refuge in Swinton House I do not know: it arose probably from some of the indescribable genealogical filaments which connect Scottish families. A very small cause would, even at any time, have been a reason for interfering between an individual and the law.

"Whatever were the circumstances of Mrs. Mac Farlane's case, it is certain that she returned, and lived and died in Edinburgh, without being brought to trial. Indeed, considering the times, there was no great wonder; for to one strong party the death of an English commissioner was not a circumstance to require much apology. The Swintons, however, could not be of that opinion, the family being of Presbyterian and Whig principles." — *Note to Chapter v. p. 92—94.*

If we were disposed to find fault, we might object to the way in which the current of the original romance is interrupted, by the introduction of the illustrative notes at the end of the respective chapters to which they refer. By way of suggesting an improvement, however, we would recommend, on the occasion of some future reprint, that these matters be removed, and collected at the end of each *volume*, as an appendix. *

ACCOUNT OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

BY A FOREIGN OFFICER.

United Service Journal, No. 34. Colburn and Bentley.

WE take the earliest opportunity of expressing our approval of the general conduct of the *United Service Journal*; to the pages of which we have often been indebted for an hour's profitable amusement. The substantial character of its contents forms an agreeable relief to the dull frivolity of the lighter magazines. The last number (for September) contains three very interesting papers; viz. one "On the Native Army and General Defence of India;" another "On Naval Timber;" and the third, "A Statistical Account of the Russian Army, from its Origin to the Present Period;" from which the following interesting particulars are condensed:—

"The Asiatic hordes which, towards the commencement of the fifth century, inundated the vast plains of Russia were, conformably to the exigencies of the time, divided into two classes: the one destined to cultivate the conquered territory; the other, to defend it by force of arms.—Hence the origin of nobles and serfs. The most valiant or most wealthy of these bands

speedily found means of engaging in their interests many of their brethren in arms; and, by putting themselves at the head of such associations, they formed principalities. In the sequel, many of these principalities were united together by family connexions or the force of arms, till, about the middle of the ninth century, the majority of them became subject to the rule of a single government, of which Rurik was the first czar."

"About the year 1554, the Czar Iwan Wassiliewitch Grosnvi formed his serfs into the first body of regular and permanent troops known in Russia, and armed them with muskets." At the commencement of the seventeenth century, the most rapid progress towards the organization and instruction of the army was made. In 1656 the Russian army amounted to 9000 men, commanded by foreign officers, and regularly disciplined according to the system adopted by other European troops. This number was augmented in the year 1696, during the Turkish war, when 30,000 men were added. In 1710, after the battle of Pultawa, the Russian army was 149,000 strong, the artillery and engineers not included. This number was considerably increased at various periods; and, in the year 1803, the whole strength of the Russian forces, including artillery and invalids, amounted to 508,457 men.

A curious account is given of the frauds and chicanery practised by the officers concerned in the recruiting department; by which means the Russian army, instead of being kept up to the number of 5 or 600,000 effective men, has never been able to take the field with more than 100 or 150,000.

"In the first place, it may be mentioned that every recruit is regarded as lost to his family and friends from the moment that he quits the home which he is destined never to revisit; his relatives mourn for him as for one consigned to the grave. For this reason, in the villages the worst characters are selected—debauchees, men of shattered constitutions, and, not unfrequently, invalids afflicted with every species of infirmity. These recruits are conducted to the capitals of governments; and, according to the regulations, ought to be clothed, and furnished with a certain sum of money. The officers on whom devolves the task of receiving them and examining their condition have an understanding with the officers charged to escort them to the different regiments. It frequently happens that such recruits are not even seen by their respective corps; so that, in fact, the enrolment consists simply in the exchange of money for *receipts*. When, on the occasion of an inspection, a regiment is found deficient in the prescribed number of men, the physician, whose experience in such matters is

not inferior to that of his coadjutors in the traffic, never refuses to furnish the requisite certificates of the sick and the deceased who figured on the lists without having so much as once seen their regiments. In time of war, these fraudulent practices are still more easily concealed. Whilst the general-in-chief, in his dispatches to his sovereign, endeavours to diminish the number of deaths in his corps, as well as that of his wounded men, the officers commanding regiments, in their reports to the heads of the army, seek to exaggerate their losses both of men and horses, for the purpose of concealing their deficiency in point of numbers."

In the reign of Catherine the Second, the projects of aggrandizement formed by the Russian government assumed a decided shape, and have never since been lost sight of. It was with a view to support these projects, and to provide against a coalition between Turkey and Sweden, supported by England and Austria, that the *military colonies* were first established. The following is an interesting account of these establishments:—"The colonization of regiments takes place only in territories appertaining to the crown; and whenever there is a scarcity of timber for building, or of peasants, the government purchases the former from different proprietors, or takes the latter in exchange for other lands, which, on account of their situation, are not included in the general plan of colonization. The colonies cost the government an annual sum exceeding twenty-eight millions of roubles. The villages are constructed of new materials, on a new and regular plan, and resemble extensive barracks, surrounded with pleasure-grounds and kitchen-gardens. Straight highways lead from one village to another; and in all the same regulations are observed as in time of war; no individual being allowed to pass the barrier without undergoing the examination of the guard. Several villages are assigned to every regiment destined to form part of the military colonies; the population of these villages being proportioned to the number of men in the regiment, the commanding-officer of which becomes the sole head of his district. From that moment all the other authorities cease to exercise their functions, and no judges are recognized except the members of the military council. A soldier is quartered upon each peasant, who, with his wife and children, and all that he possesses, is at the disposal of his unbidden guest. An accurate list is taken of his goods, horses, and other cattle; and, without the permission of the captain, the unfortunate man dare not dispose of a single article. He cannot even venture to eat an egg, kill a fowl, or bake a loaf, without the consent of his new master and instructor in the art of war. He is obliged

to shave his hair and beard, (and for the latter the Russians entertain a superstitious predilection): he is dressed in a sort of uniform, compelled to perform the most fatiguing duties, and required to exercise daily, as well as to impart to his military guest his own knowledge of agriculture. Against acts of oppression such as we have enumerated, it may well be supposed that the luckless peasants at first revolted. Accordingly, wherever the military colonies were established, serious insurrectionary movements broke out; but, after the application of the knout to a few hundred of the rebels, and the banishment of others to the mines of Siberia, the rest became submissive, and made a virtue of dire necessity."

The writer goes on to remark, that since the war of 1812, the character of the Russian army had totally changed. "Previous to that epoch, the Russian soldiery were brutes in the entire acceptance of the term. The influence of events, however, has produced its customary effect upon this class of men." Their frequent and lengthened intercourse with the Germans and French may be said to have given them new life, and opened their eyes to the superior condition, both physical and moral, of the Prussian and French troops to that which awaited themselves on their return home. Of this moral change Alexander seems to have been aware, as he deemed it expedient to disperse amongst other regiments the men who had composed the French army of occupation. This arbitrary measure, however, most signally defeated its own object: the so-much-dreaded liberal opinions were universally promulgated; the disaffection became general; and the severest correctives of Russian tyranny had been employed in vain, when Alexander died, in 1825, leaving the mutiny raging at its height.

It was with the view of stopping, or at least turning, the tide of public opinion, and of occupying the attention of the army, that the government of Nicholas, with very delapidated finances, resolved upon taking the field against the Turks. The signal ill success of this expedition is commented on in an elaborate manner; from which it appears, that out of an enormous nominal force of 1,006,000 men, only 181,000 were in a disposable condition. Of these, 100,000 were destined to line the frontiers of Austria, the Turkish invading army consisting of the remaining 81,000. "With a force so disproportionate was the first campaign in reality made; and the enormous losses sustained by the army compelled the government to have recourse to new levies, till even their last reserve of recruits was exhausted. Both of the campaigns against the Turks resembled the conduct of a gamester, who, having lost the greater portion of his for-

tune, collects the feeble wreck, stakes it on a single card, with the intent of repairing his misfortunes by one successful attempt, and, losing the stake, has no other resource than to blow out his brains."

The writer then enters into a geographical and geological dissertation, showing the unskilful manœuvres of the Russian general; through which, however, we shall not accompany him; preferring rather to extract the following contrast of national character, for the consideration of the admirers of what is termed "*strict military discipline*."

"In the Russian bulletins, the enthusiasm of the troops was pompously eulogized. But for what can the Russian private soldier feel this enthusiasm? For his honour? He knows not the meaning of the word, which belongs but to his superiors. For his country? He knows none—he has none: from the moment that he becomes a recruit, he is separated for ever from his native land, and irrevocably devoted to the service of despotism. From that moment his relations, his brothers, sisters, and friends, look upon him as a wretched instrument of their servitude and oppression; from that moment he possesses neither land nor property: even his children are not his own, but, like himself, are forced to become soldiers. He is dragged from Sweaborg to Tiflis, from Ochotsk to Polangen; and, at the close of his career, his bones are buried in a foreign land. To this cause may be attributed the Russian soldier's want of genuine heroism: the courage with which he faces death is but the blind resignation of despair." The difference and the superiority of their Mahometan antagonists is soon told:—"The Turkish soldier is composed of better elements. *Though a soldier, he is still a citizen*; nay, the best of citizens. In his faith he again finds his country."

"Although the Russians, during the two campaigns, received reinforcements of new recruits, and all that was disposable in the interior, to the amount of more than 220,000 men, so enormous were their losses, that, at the termination of the second campaign, the army was reduced to about 50,000 men. The war, therefore, had cost the Russians upwards of 250,000 men, besides a number of their best officers; and these deplorable sacrifices, made for the purpose of obtaining a useless object, would have been insufficient to save the army from total destruction, had the Turks possessed a single general acquainted with military tactics.

"Such was the general situation of the Russian army when the revolution declared itself at Warsaw. Persevering in his system of heedless and hazardous energy, the Russian general abruptly advanced towards Warsaw. Compelled to change

his manœuvres five times, attacking the brave Poles at one moment on the left, at the next on the right, meeting on all sides with insurmountable obstacles, he died, leaving his army between two fires."

Since the above article was written, what melancholy truths have come to pass! Poland is fallen!—the peace of Europe is restored!—her independence is lost! What must follow? *

Pickings.

"OUR ORDER."—Amongst other interesting and novel intelligence, *The Literary Gazette* of a few weeks ago contains the following, apparently upon exclusive authority:—"Every idea suggested, every opinion given, every syllable printed in *The Literary Gazette*, has had no other view but to encourage the labours in these various paths, and to advance the people of England in refinement and intelligence," &c. &c. &c. This may be all very true, and well worthy of remembrance; but we think it a pity that our respectable contemporary should be reduced to sound his own trumpet on the present occasion. Why could he not wait till his friend, *The Guardian*, made his appearance? By the bye, Mr. Jerdan did us the honour of noticing, in very friendly terms, our projected "Literary Spectator," in his number for September 3; though he could not resist the temptation of a sarcastic but good-natured fling at our overwhelmingly low price of twopence. "We hail," says *The Lit. Gaz.*, "our promised twopenny contemporary with the welcome of kindness; though we do feel a little the difficulty of standing by 'our order,' if our order will demean itself to such prices. All we can say is, that periodicals may be sagacious enough to appreciate their own public value; and from a whole shilling to eightpence, sevenpence, sixpence, fourpence, threepence, twopence, yea, to a penny, we wish them well." Our thanks are due for that wish; and we beg sincerely to return the compliment. Periodicals may or may not be "sagacious enough to appreciate their own public value;" but certain it is, that to every rule there are exceptions; and we think that if we were favoured with a snug tête-à-tête visit from our eightpenny contemporary, we might venture to suggest, in strict confidence and in all humility, that more than one of the "present company" might be considered in such a predicament. Merit is ever prone to underrate itself. For our own parts, we can see no reason why a good book, industriously compiled and zealously inclined, should be the less graciously received by the public, because, actuated by extensive and liberal views, the proprietors offer it at a weekly stipend

which every man in England can afford to pay if he chooses.

Miss Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs*—is reprinted in Colburn and Bentley's edition of the *Standard Novels*, preceded by some remarks, biographical and critical, by the authoress herself. We select one or two of the opening passages as a specimen of the grandiloquence in which a very simple matter may be obscured, even by the best and most experienced writers. "In seeking to go back," says our authoress, "by the traces of recollection, to the period when the first impression of the heroes which form the story of the 'Scottish Chiefs' was made on my mind, I am carried so completely into the scenes of my infancy, that I feel like one of the children old tales tell of, who, being lost in a wood, tries to find her way home again by the possibly preserved track of a few corn-seeds she had chanced to scatter on the ground as she came." This is a pretty lady-like idea, but how confusedly expressed! "In seeking to go back by the traces of recollection," "I am carried completely into the scenes of my infancy," and try to find my way home again, that is, to A.D. 1831, "by the possibly preserved track of a few corn-seeds," &c. Now, though it might require some consideration and "traces of recollection" to place oneself completely in the scenes of one's infancy, we cannot imagine the least difficulty in finding ourselves "at home" again, when we had done exploring those scenes. We imagine that these "possibly preserved corn-seeds" were intended as types of those little events and recollections by which Miss Porter traced her way into, and not out of, the days of her infancy; but she forgot that she had already twice, and most completely, been carried there, and was talking of coming home. Again, we are told of "the first impression" of certain heroes, "which formed the story of the 'Scottish Chiefs.'" We never before heard of the first impression of a hero; nor can we bring ourselves to believe that such "heroes" could be found guilty of "forming" or fashioning "a story;" though we have heard of their being implicated and most villainously de-formed in the "stories" of certain other folk.—The next sentence informs us that "to wander in these memories has, however, a pleasure of its own; many pleasant places presenting themselves to stop at, and thence to review with a sweet sadness, through the long vale of past days, some distant, lovely scene, under the soul-hallowed twilight of time." What a complication of disjointed notions have we here, in reviewing "with a sweet sadness, through the long vale of past days," and "under the soul-hallowed twilight of time," some "distant lovely scene!" *Quære*—has memory a plural in this sense?

Or can it be used in this sense at all? We think *memorials* or *reminiscences* would do as well as "memories." What a host of important dates and data are crowded together in the following brief sentence:—"Born on the border lands of Scotland, my mother, in an early widowhood, took her children thither, then almost infants, to bring them up in a good air, and in the future advantage of a good education, at a moderate expense." Who was "born on the border lands of Scotland, in an early widowhood?" Was it the mother or her children? If the mother, what a vast expanse of past, present, and future, is here compressed within the narrow limits of five short lines! But we must have done with these quibblings, or we shall be accused of want of taste or want of gallantry; and we have too great a regard for our own reputation, and too high an estimation of Miss Porter's talents, to wish for either accusation. What we have said, we have said with a view of correcting small but not insignificant blemishes on the surface of a really beautiful work. It is only the more precious metals of gold and silver that we would take the trouble of refining; the baser sort of ores we shall leave as we find them. *

The Library of the Fine Arts, or Monthly Repertory of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, and Engraving, is a work of considerable utility and merit, very elegantly got up, industriously edited, and embellished with spirited portraits. Such a work, if well conducted, ought to receive encouragement from all who profess to admire and patronize the fine arts. From this, the eighth number, for September, we quote the following anecdote, as a specimen of—

Liberal Economy.—"One of the thousand and one sage maxims of Northcote, though not quoted for its originality, was, that men might attain the age of the patriarchs of old but for their gluttony. Believing in the axiom, he determined not to commit this felo-de-se, and ate so sparingly, that, during the various periods which occurred within the last half century, touching the alarm of general scarcity, he participated no more in the universal panic than a mouse in a granary. His maiden sister superintended his household economy: being as little inclined to self-indulgence as himself, their table was as frugally served as table well could be. This economy, be it known, was not the result of parsimony; for the servants, two in number, and females, were well supplied with all necessities, and lived long and happily under an indulgent mistress and a kind master."

By the bye, why is this journal silent on the subject of music, which is surely one of the fine arts?

Kidd's Picturesque Pocket Companion to Margate, Ramsgate, and Broadstairs, is a very elegant little volume, containing just so much information of all the interesting spots that occur from the starting-place at London Bridge to the landing at Ramsgate, as a traveller can comfortably fill up the time with on board the steam-boat; together with a great variety of useful directions for tourists on the Isle of Thanet. The plates are upwards of 100 in number, and all very well chosen, and admirably engraved. The volume is very compactly and tastefully bound.

Detrosier's Address to the Manchester Mechanic's Institution is a very able and interesting pamphlet. It merits a very extensive circulation.

Foreign.

THE FRENCH CAMPAIGN IN AFRICA.

Anecdotes Historiques et Politiques, pour servir à L'Histoire de la Conquête D'Alger, en 1830.

From a work just published in Paris, under the above title, we extract, in an abridged form, the following highly interesting and characteristic sketch. This book is from the pen of M. Merle, the private secretary of the General Bourmont, and may therefore be considered authentic as well as amusing:—

"It was two days since we had disembarked, and already the peninsula of Sidi-Ferruch was one vast plain, full of life and movement. Genius had taken possession of it, and military industry shewed itself with all the resources of its activity. The administration was organizing with a zeal unequalled; hospitals, baking implements, ovens, cattle-folds, victualling depôts, baggage-waggons, powder magazines, watering places, storehouses for encampment—in a word, all the elements of a sudden civilization appeared, as if by magic, upon this low shore of Africa.

"From the time that the camp materials were landed, Sidi-Ferruch assumed the aspect of a town, with its quarters, its squares, its streets, and its monuments. Above all, at night the coup-d'œil was admirable; thousands of fires lit up the peninsula, and gave to the camp the brilliance of a public rejoicing. French gaiety is the most noisy in Europe: there was laughing and singing from the very advanced posts to the head-quarters; the allowances were abundant, and the French and Spanish wines good, and not dear; the private soldier was as well fed as the officer. Two days after our landing we were eating meat and fresh bread; the cauldrons of the various regiments exhaled an excellent odour of broth; the sutlers had already established their busi-

ness beneath the arbours of the foliage; one might fancy oneself at one of the prettiest *fêtes foraines* in the neighbourhood of Paris. If the soldiers had their *ganguettes*, the officers had their *restorateurs*.

"One, named Hennequin, had laden a brig with the most *recherché* eatables and the choicest wines. An eating-room was formed of a mizen-sail thrown over three poles, where Chartres pies and *trouffe de Perigord* abounded, neither more nor less than at a ministerial dinner. *Ai Médoc* and *Chambertin* flowed in bumpers; the officers drinking to the health of the king and the glory of the French arms. The exploits of the day were talked over, and the wounded were brought there to be amused. I have seen some who, not chosing to go to the hospital for fear of being detained too long from the field of battle, have come to Hennequin to dab their wounds with their handkerchiefs soaked in rum, and then, after drinking one or two bumpers of champagne, returned with their arm in a sling to the advanced posts. At night the red bivouac fires were mingled with the little blue flames of the punch; the suffocating heat of the day was forgotten in the freshness of the fine African nights; the dampness of the evening dew was counteracted with tonics. Then they threw themselves upon their tent beds, till the moment that the first shots of the Bedouins summoned every body to the advanced posts. At sunrise, all the young volunteers who had obtained the favour to accompany the expedition fired their guns for some hours, and then returned to head-quarters to breakfast, at the purveyor of Nants's. The tent was never empty; crowded, pell mell, officers of all ranks and all kinds came to partake of the banquet. Seated on packing cases, or astride on barrels, standing up, or stretched at full length upon the sand, they were as gay as at the *Café de Chartres* or the *Café de Paris*. The brave and joyous *Compte de Montalembert* did the honours of Hennequin's sideboard and cellar to all his comrades; seldom he returned from the advanced posts without bringing back friends, who helped him to dispatch some half dozen bottles of *Blanquette de Limoux*; preparing themselves for a new expedition to the advanced posts in the afternoon. One league scarcely separated the spot where the champagne was drunk, from that where they were shooting at one another."

PARIS GOSSIP.

The Two Royal Exiles, Pedro of the Brazils, and Hussein of Algiers, are now engaging the attention of the good people of Paris. Their appearance at the Royal Academy of Music formed a singular contrast, according to the Paris journals. Don Pedro and the empress were dressed in

the simplicity of private life, Hussein in all the splendour of eastern royalty. The following account is not uninteresting: "All his attention was engaged by the performances on the scene, and he lost none of it. It had been doubtless announced to him that he would find himself in a numerous company, for his toilette was very *soignée*. Hussein has rather a remarkable head, and his eye is very quick. His grey beard falls on his chest, and his moustachios, still tolerably black, give a singular effect to his swarthy complexion. Not choosing to lose anything of the performance, he at last placed a pair of spectacles on his nose, which gave him quite the air of a *bon homme*. It would be impossible to form an idea of the charming *coup d'œil* which the house presented. The amphitheatre beneath the royal boxes boasted a collection of charming women, for the most part in white, with scarfs, their hair dressed with ribbons and flowers. In the boxes there were a variety of remarkable toilettes; but rose and white predominated."

"That *ex-dey* eats generally *la poule au pot*, which is thus prepared: 'Two live fowls are taken, and their heads and feet being chopped off, they are plunged into boiling water, and served up on rice.'—(qu: feathers and all?)

"His visiting cards bear simply the inscription:—'Hussein, Ex-Dey d'Alger.'"

A new species of *Purse* has lately been introduced by the Parisian *elegantes*; viz a kind of sporting pouch, of a gothic form, attached by a gold chain round the neck.

Journal des Dames, Sept. 10.—At length we have passed the dearth of novelty which generally reigns during the summer months. Already some new species of silk manufacture, intended for the autumn, have been put on sale. We would speak of the *satin Polonais*, and the *satin de la Reine*. We should mention a new arrangement of flowers, as ornaments for the *coiffeures en chevaux*, and hats, whereby they are bound together tightly, and stand very high. White *tulle* veils have begun to be seen on Leghorn hats.

Journal des Dames, Sept. 15.—The changes in temperature which have been experienced within these few days have also brought about a change in the ladies' dress. For instance, coloured silks, in the promenades especially, have succeeded to the white, which lately were so numerous. The colours which have appeared to predominate are the *scabieuses*, *immortelle*, and black; to these, in the *salons*, have been added stone and silver greys, and certain changeable colours; but the latter are no longer fashionable. As to white is it and will be always used for *grande toilette*. No new fashions of consequence have yet been offered; nevertheless we have just seen the *corsage* of a gown, *en corbeille*. This *corsage*, which does not reach beyond the begin-

ning of the throat, is in drapery, folded across; another drapery in long plaits, extending from each shoulder to the waistband—same make behind. The sleeves are *en cornet*;—that is, beginning to enlarge gradually from the wrist, where they are not gathered, to their highest extremity. The new cloaks for the ladies are embroidered, colour on colour; this embroidery is raised, and not flat. The English cloaks, although rare, are still to be seen.

[N. B. Mr. SILK-WORM having been out of town ever since the late extraordinary fracas, we have been put to considerable trouble to understand the technicalities in this elegant branch of polite knowledge. Our apologies are therefore due to the fair reader for any defects or awkwardnesses in the above matters;—we promise them better treatment next week. ED.]

Discovery and Invention.

GRAHAM ISLAND.—Mr. Osborne, surgeon of his majesty's ship *Ganges*, gives the following particulars respecting Graham Island, recently discovered on the coast of Sicily:—"The island is about a mile in circumference, nearly round, or perhaps an imperfect spheroid, indented at the ends, where the great crater was at different periods connected with the sea. It is about 150 or 160 feet high. The substance of which the island is composed is chiefly ashes, the pulverized remains of coal deprived of its bitumen, iron scoria, and a kind of ferruginous clay or oxidized earth. The scoria occurs in irregular masses: some compact, dense, and sonorous; others light, friable, and amorphous, with metallic lustre, slightly magnetic, barely moving the loadstone. I only procured one native stone, a piece of limestone, about two pounds weight, thrown up with the incumbent earth, having no marks of combustion. There was no trace whatever of lava, no terra puggolana, no pumicestone, no shells, or other marine remains, usually found at Etna and Vesuvius. Around the island, where Neptune makes his advances, the sides fall down in abrupt precipices; and we could discern every stratum ejected by each separate eruption: the water evaporating, left an incrustation of salt, which now appears a white, firm layer, plainly marking the regular progress and formation of the island. The surface of the island is likewise covered with a similar incrustation, in some places so thick as to be visibly white some distance at sea. From the nature of this island, there being no bond of coherence in its heterogeneous particles, and from the precipitous falling down of its sides by the action of the sea, I am inclined to think that there is not the stability of permanence in its composition.—

The insatiable ocean will encroach upon its base; the winds of heaven will scatter the dusty surface to the four cardinal points of the compass; the rain will dissolve the saline bond of union; and the crumbling ruin will gradually sink, and extend its base to a bank barely above the level of the sea. Its loss will not be deplored; for the screaming sea-bird instinctively wheels and directs his flight to a distant part of the ocean, to avoid the dark and desolate spot; and even the inhabitants of the deep seem to avoid the unhallowed shore."

Fine Arts.

The New Palace.—We are glad to find that it is at length determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and to complete this structure as a residence for his majesty; for, much as may yet remain to be done in entirely fitting it up, there can be no doubt that it will be attended with less cost than in renovating St. James's, and with less sacrifice of money than would arise from now appropriating the building in the park to any other purpose. The principal apartments must be already so far finished, with regard to their architectural decorations, as to require little more doing to them in that way; while such as are not may be less lavishly decorated for the present than was at first contemplated; since further embellishments can always be gradually added from time to time. As to the external architectural character of the edifice, no skill can now improve that, or impart to it the grandeur in which it is so deficient, without making such alterations as would be tantamount to rebuilding the shell. It must, therefore, whether inhabited or not, remain as it is—a monument of trivial insipidity and ostentatious insignificance. Nor do we perceive how its continuing unoccupied can in the least mend the matter: on the contrary, to suffer it to be unappropriated to any purpose, now that it is erected, would be only rendering the absurdity of erecting it at all so much the more palpable; because it would certainly not prove a more ornamental object should it be suffered to remain in its present unfinished, huddled-up state; nor should we then be able to overlook its want of beauty on the score of its, at least, serving the end for which it was intended. —*Library of the Fine Arts.*

Music.

[In the way of musical criticism and early musical intelligence, we hope, without being accused of extraordinary vanity, to promise attractions of a peculiar nature. As, however, there will be no concerts or other performances for a consi-

derable time, we shall have the pleasure, meantime, of presenting our readers with a series of GENERAL PAPERS on the art, from the pen of one whose experience and taste are universally appreciated.] —ED.

THOUGHTS ON MUSICAL AND POETICAL IMITATION.

No. I.

"*Le Genie du musicien soumet l'univers entier à son art*," says Rousseau, and rightly too, if his assertion be strictly referrible to music in the abstract or height of perfection; for, short of this, music is only grateful from association, or from being merely a handmaid to the fancy, or an assistant to the memory. It is, therefore, very difficult to conceive the idea of music without a prototype or kindred feeling, of which it is but an illustration—to conceive it a language *per se* totally unconnected with the expression of physical or moral wants, fears, desires or enjoyments; and hence, from this very difficulty has arisen all the debasement and disgrace of the art. But where are we to find the above mentioned "abstract or height" of perfection? We very much fear that we shall be obliged to leave echo to answer the question.

"Music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it," says the English opium eater in his confessions; and of the same opinion seems to have been the Abbé Rous-siere, when he asserted that "*La musique ne nous touche qu'à proportion de la sensibilité de nos organes*". If these assertions be true, every body has a music of his own; and consequently, there is no standard of excellence in the art. But why should it be different in this respect with music, and not with the other arts—the sister arts of poetry and painting? There is something like a fixed point of excellence in them, to which the relative merits of new productions are referred, but in music it is generally the reverse; there is a variety of supposed excellences and none of them decisive. One person admires the ingenious and patient construction of difficulties, another hates and reviles every thing that smacks of labour or study: *this* loves melody, *that* harmony; moreover, there are schools of opinion, and have been from all ages.

The *Artistes* have always held in contempt the applauses of the vulgar. Hear the ancients for a moment:

ANTIGENIDES (the celebrated flute player of antiquity) was so fully persuaded of the coarse taste of the common people, that one day, hearing at a distance a violent burst of applause to a player on the flute, he said, "there must be something very bad in that man's performance, or those people would not be so lavish of their approbation." Certain it is, that the worst parts of a performance are always most

sure to be applauded. Paganini's *pizzicato* is in higher estimation with the mass of his auditors, than his heart-rending pathos—heart-rending of course only to those whose sensibilities are sympathetic, or whose pleasure is in proportion to the sensibility of their organization.

Aristotle says, "Every kind of music is good for some purpose or other: that of the theatres is necessary for the amusement of the mob; the *theatrical transitions*, and the *tawdry and glaring melodies* in use there are suited to the perversion of their minds and manners, and let them enjoy them."—(*Polit.* 8.)

In another place he writes the following opinions:—

"I disapprove of all kinds of difficulties in the practice of instruments; and indeed, in music in general. I call artificial and difficult such tricks as are practised at the public games; where the musician, instead of recollecting what is the true object of his talent, endeavours only to flatter the corrupt taste of the multitude."—(*Repub. Lib.* 8. *cap.* 6.)

What would the Stagyrite say to the miraculous performance of Paganini, or the laboured counterpoints of Leo, Durante, or Palestrina? He certainly would have exclaimed with our Johnson, "would they were impossible!" But he mentions "*the true object*" of the musician, without defining what it should be. We will, therefore, humbly attempt a description of what Music, in our opinion, really ought to consist of. This we will do negatively; for, by showing what she should not be, we will, by degrees, strip her of her false incumbrances and disguises, and exhibit her real nature and simplicity. Imprimis, music should not be held as a *science*: with all the learning and ingenuity that have been thrown away in vain attempts to reduce music to demonstrable rules, still we must consider it as an *art*. By this we do not mean to debase it below science, by the application of the word *art*, in its mechanical or limited sense; on the contrary, we contend it to be something higher still than the conclusions or discoveries, which are the results of patience and reflection: it is an attribute of the mind, and might be termed, not inaptly, one of its passions. Its beauty is destroyed by endeavouring to reduce it to rational proportions and philosophical theorems, which, unluckily for their projectors and advocates, never arrive at mathematical precision after all. We might as well apply algebra to the solution of *Edipus's* riddle, as mathematics to music in general. As a part of acoustics, it is tangible by the Ithuriel wand of science, but all the learning in the world will never define the "soul of song divine."

Aristoxenus, the disciple and successor of Aristotle, taught, that as the ear is the ultimate judge of consonance, we are able,

by the sense of hearing alone, to determine the measure both of consonants and dissonants, and that both are to be measured or estimated, not by ratios but by intervals. The gamut, or scale, which the proportional subdivision of the mono-chord furnishes us with, would be *intolerable* to the ear. The music of Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, &c. in short, every music in our present notation would be impracticable. Is it to be supposed, for a moment, that those worthies ever troubled their heads about the scientific pedigree of a chord, or the genealogical tracings to a patriarchal sound? Nonsense! It was an over zealous disgust at this folly, that made Rousseau violently pronounce counterpoint to be a *gothic and barbarous invention*. This was, perhaps, going too far; but certainly music is not a *science*.

There should be no attempt made in music to imitate any thing which in itself is not in some degree musical. The song of birds, the tinkling of distant bells, the rippling of a streamlet, the harmonious peace-breathing, we would almost say, stillness of a pastoral scene, are all legitimate objects for imitation, and supply the skilful musician with a rich store of fancy. How beautifully Beethoven has used this kind of imitation in his *Pastorale Sinfonia*! We almost forgive him for the storm,—but the contrast was too tempting an opportunity for *effect*, and so he turned melody into thunder and lightning, to please the ears "of the groundlings."

The din of battle, the cries of the wounded, the shouts of victory, the yells of demons, the cackling of poultry, the hooting of owls, the braying of donkeys, the confused noise of a fair, are things most devoutly to be avoided. If they be pleasant things in themselves to hear, in the name of all that's dissonant, let them speak or screech for themselves; but let not music's dulcet shell be turned into a howling conch to give an imitation of things so foreign to its melody. It will be said that great attempts have been made in this species of musical imitation, and with great success, too. Weber's *Freischütz* will be triumphantly held up as a decided instance against our opinion. But hold,—let us proceed gently, and analyze the true cause of a certain degree of effect produced in the *incantation scene* of that splendid opera. Let us not be stared at, when we assert that music has nothing at all to do with it!—The minds of the audience have been dramatically prepared for a scene of supernatural horror; their judgments have given way to a credulous fancy, in which pleasurable surprise is mixed up with enough of fear to make the illusion wear for a moment the semblance of reality: and thus weakened in their perception for awhile, they stupidly admire and ignorantly enjoy. What is music doing all this time? Surely

no one will pretend to say that *she* is producing all this terrific imitation! The sawing of dissonances on the fiddles in the orchestra is nothing more than the *remplissage* necessary to fill up the pauses of agitated action by agitated sound. Of the chorus of the owls, again, it will be said, is not that musical imitation? We answer, no!—it is very effective, but it is not *musical* imitation;—we might just as well call a ventriloquist's imitation of the sawing of wood, or the frying of eggs, *musical*, as a number of men, women, and children, screeching like owls and wild beasts! In fact, the only musical imitation in the scene is that of the hunting horns; and, moreover, it is the most beautiful *morceau* in the whole *diablerie*. Weber most ingeniously imagined this scene, it is true, but it was as a dramatist or machinist, rather more than as a musician. Play this scene without the supernatural scenery and diabolical agencies,—abstract them totally from your mind or memory, and you will find very little musical imitation which will distinctly make you acquainted with its original—in truth, none.

Now, in the supernatural scenes of *Don Giovanni*, Mozart has not attempted a single imitation. He associates his music merely. There is an awful solemnity in the trombones, that "makes the teeth chatter and the nails turn blue;" but there is no mimicking of snakes hissing, devils roaring, goblins laughing, imps fighting, &c. and yet to us, if performed in the true style (which it never has been yet in this country), it possesses more awful grandeur and fearful power than any other composition we are acquainted with. When will this sublime opera be treated with even common justice?*

By the way, there is another kind of imitation, which is not only legitimate, but productive of great beauty and effect, if used sparingly. Examples will prove better than descriptions. In the opening recitation of *The Creation*, at the words—"let there be *light* and there was light," Haydn has displayed consummate skill and refined taste; as also in the following passage:—"And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Handel abounds in instances of this kind of beauty—it would be vain to attempt an enumeration of them; one or two, however, we cannot pass over without notice. In his chorus, "Fixt in his everlasting seat," we have been frequently struck with the gigantic notion he conveys of immutability, by his setting of the word "fixt." It is written on a pyramidal chord at the commencement of each bar, opposed to a roving unsteady accompaniment above, and stands, at each repetition, like a new peak

* May we look to Mr. Monck Mason for this?—ED.

upon a chain of Alps, while the other parts are as changeable and varying as the clouds that flit around their rooted grandeur! In the chorus, "Fall'n is the foe," only consider how he musicalises "full'n." No tumble-down break-neck passages; no glissades from the top of the violin to the bottom.—No! Handel, thou wert a divine composer!—Beethoven's dying eulogy of thee ought to be enough to convince surviving sceptics of thy immeasurable superiority above all others!

With the name of Handel, we, perhaps rather abruptly, close this our first essay on the divine art of music;—to resume it, we hope, before long. W.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. Monck Mason has just left town for the continent, where, in the very teeth of cholera morbus and revolutionists, he intends scouring the land for choice recruits for his approaching Opera campaign. We understand that considerable preparations have already been made. A most effective chorus, selected on actual trial from amongst a vast number of applicants, has been engaged upon permanent and liberal principles. The decorations and alterations in the house are in a very forward state. * [Review of NEW MUSIC next week.—ED.]

Drama.

THE WINTER THEATRES are now coming again "to the tug of war," like "giants refreshed with sleep." Drury Lane opens to-night with *The Honey Moon* and *The Brigand*, when several new candidates will be added to our former list of favourites. Covent Garden will present us with Mr. Young as Hamlet on Monday, and Miss Inverarity will again delight us in *Azor and Zemira* on Wednesday. The roaring of wild beasts at Drury Lane, and the new operatic pieces which are in preparation at Covent Garden, promise to make a very considerable noise in the town. The *Olympic Revels* will be cheered with the benignant smiles of the great *Adonis of farce*, Liston, and the Adelphi is to open on Monday with "old prices and new pieces."

We are at our post, and shall be prepared to note down every evening's performance, beginning from to-night. *

KEAN'S DYING SCENES.—In a late number of our entertaining daily contemporary, *The Tatler*, appears a very modest but well written letter, signed "An Actor," from which we extract the following judicious remarks: "In playing Macduff, Richmond, Laertes or Horatio, Cassio, &c. to Mr. Kean, it is evident much that escapes the audience may become visible to the actor. Kean always discriminates between the manner of death with reference to its cause. Richard, for instance,

has fought five combats, and has traversed the field in a frenzy; when he meets Richmond he is in a state of the highest excitement, smarting with wounds. How finely does Kean depict this as the contest concludes!—he is reduced to a state resembling the stupor of intoxication—he falls from exhaustion—and as loss of blood may be presumed to cool his frame and restore his sanity, so does he grow calmer and calmer through the dying speech, till his mighty heart is hushed for ever.

"In *Othello*, death is occasioned by piercing himself to the heart with a poniard: can you not mark the frozen shudder as the steel enters his frame,—and the choking expression, with distended eyes and open mouth, the natural attendants of such an agony? Death by a heart-wound is instantaneous. Thus does he pourtray it; he literally dies standing; it is the dead body only of Othello that falls, heavily and at once; there is no rebound, which speaks of vitality and of living muscles. It is the dull weight of clay seeking its kindred earth.

"But the scene that actors admire most (perhaps auditors, from the remoteness, least) is his death in *Hamlet*. The prince does not die of a sword-wound, but from the poison impregnated in that wound: of course, from its rapidity in doing the work of death, it must have been a powerful mineral. What are the effects of such a poison? intense internal pain, wandering vision, swelling veins in the temple. All this Kean details with awful reality: his eye dilates and then loses lustre; he gnaws his hand in the vain effort to repress emotion; the veins thicken in his forehead; his limbs shudder and quiver; and, as life grows fainter, and his hand drops from between his stiffening lips, he utters a cry of expiring nature so exquisite that I can only compare it to the stifled sob of a fainting woman, or the little wail of a suffering child."

NUMBER OF NEW PIECES produced at the licensed theatres of the metropolis, from Sept. 1, 1830, to Sept. 1, 1831:—

At Covent Garden	-	-	-	13
Drury Lane	-	-	-	15
Haymarket	-	-	-	6
English Opera	-	-	-	9
Adelphi (under Mathews and Yates)	-	-	-	12
Surrey	-	-	-	32
Coburg	-	-	-	36
Tottenham Street	-	12	}	32
Queen's Theatre	-	20		
Olympic	-	-	-	14
Astley's	-	-	-	6
Sadler's Wells	-	-	-	19
Pavilion	-	-	-	20

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"The fact is, that the "novelties" which our theatres are in the habit of producing

are wrongly named. They consist either of repetitions under other titles, or of common-places so very old as to deserve rather the title of *antiquities* than *novelties*."—*Tatler*.

Miscellanea.

Campbell's New Poem.—We have been favoured with an early copy of *The Metropolitan Magazine* for this month, in which we find some "Lines written in a blank leaf of La Perouse's Voyages," which, for beauty and energy of feeling, equal, if not surpass, any that have emanated from the pen of the author of "The Pleasures of Hope." The poem is not long, but every line is full of beautiful imagery and deep thought. We extract the following as a specimen:—

"Fair were his ships, expert his gallant crews,
And glorious was th' emprise of La Perouse,
Humanely glorious! Men will weep for him,
When many a guilty martial fame is dim.
He plough'd the deep to bind no captive's chain—
Pursued no rapine—strew'd no wreck with slain;
And, save that in the deep themselves lie low,
His heroes pluck'd no wreath from human woe.
'Twas his the earth's remotest bounds to scan,
Conciliating with gifts barbaric man—
Enrich'd the world's contemporaneous mind,
And amplified the picture of mankind.
Far on the vast Pacific—'midst those isles,
O'er which the earliest morn of Asia smiles,
He sounded, and gave charts to many a shore,
And gulph of ocean, new to nautic lore.
Yet he that led Discovery o'er the wave,
Still fills himself an undiscover'd grave!
He came not back: Conjecture's cheek grew pale,
Year after year.—In no propitious gale
His lilied banner held its homeward way;
And Science sadden'd at her martyr's stay."

(These lines alone would make a poet! *)

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—This distinguished person, we understand, left Abbotsford on Saturday, to fulfil his purpose of spending the winter at Naples. He embarks for Malta on board the *Barham*, of 52 guns, Captain Pigot. His Majesty, in the kindest and handsomest manner, we are given to believe, tendered this mode of conveyance to the worthy baronet. Sir Walter, before leaving home, finished the whole notes and introductions to his celebrated novels now in the course of so successful a career. We can speak with some authority on this last point, having seen a proof of one of the last of the introductions with the author's corrections.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

"Goldsmith and Burke had often violent disputes about politics; the one being a staunch Tory, and the other at that time a Whig and outrageous ante-courtier. One day he came into the room when Goldsmith was there, full of ire and abuse against the late king, and went on in such a torrent of the most unqualified invective that Goldsmith threatened to leave the room. The other, however, persisted, and Goldsmith went out, unable to bear it any longer. So much for Mr. Burke's pretended consistency and uniform loyalty! When Northcote first came to Sir Joshua, he wished very much to see Goldsmith; and one day Sir Joshua, on introducing him, asked him why he had been so anxious to see him? 'Because,' said Northcote, 'he is a notable man.' This expression, notable, in its ordinary sense, was so contrary to Goldsmith's character, that they both burst out a laughing very heartily. Goldsmith was two thousand pounds in debt at the time of his death, which was hastened by his chagrin and distressed circumstances; and when *She Stoops to Conquer* was performed, he was so choked all dinner-time that he could not swallow a mouthful. A party went from Sir Joshua's to support it. The present title was not fixed upon till that morning. Northcote went with Ralph, Sir Joshua's man, into the gallery, to see how it went off; and, after the second act, there was no doubt of its success. Northcote says, people had a great notion of the literary parties at Sir Joshua's.

"Mrs. G. had certainly a lock of Goldsmith's hair, for she and her sister (Miss Horneck) had wished to have some remembrance of him after his death; and though the coffin was nailed up, it was opened again at their request, (such was the regard Goldsmith was known to have for them!) and a lock of his hair was cut off, which Mrs. G. still has. Northcote said, Goldsmith's death was the severest blow Sir Joshua ever received; he did not paint all that day. It was proposed to make a grand funeral for him, but Reynolds objected to this, as it would be over in a day, and said it would be better to lay by the money to erect a monument to him in Westminster Abbey; and he went himself and chose the spot. Goldsmith had begun another novel, of which he read the first chapter to the Miss Hornecks a little before his death. Northcote asked what I thought of the *Vicar of Wakefield*; and I answered, 'What every body else did.' He said there was that mixture of the ludicrous and the pathetic running through it, which particularly delighted him; it gave a stronger resemblance to nature. He thought this justified Shakspeare in mingling up farce and tragedy together: life itself was a tragi-comedy; instead of being pure, every thing

was chequered. If you went to an execution, you would perhaps see an apple-woman in the greatest distress, because her stall was overturned, at which you could not help smiling. We then spoke of Retaliation, and praised the character of Burke in particular as a master-piece. Nothing that he had ever said or done but what was foretold in it; nor was he painted as the principal figure in the foreground with the partiality of a friend, or as the great man of the day, but with a background of history, showing both what he was and what he might have been. Northcote repeated some lines from the Traveller, which were distinguished by a beautiful transparency, by simplicity and originality. He confirmed Boswell's account of Goldsmith, as being about the middle height, rather clumsy, and tawdry in his dress."—From "Northcote's Conversations," in *Pickering's Aldine Poets*.

PAGANINI.—On the 16th of May, Dr. Bennati read before the *Royal Academy of Sciences*, at Paris, a physiological notice of this extraordinary man, in which he gives it as his opinion, that the prodigious talent of this artist is mainly to be attributed to the peculiar conformation which enables him to bring his elbows close together, and place them one over the other, and to the elevation of his left shoulder, which is an inch higher than the right one; to the slackening of the ligaments of the wrists, and the mobility of his phalanges, which he can move in a lateral direction at pleasure. Dr. Bennati also alluded to the excessive development of Paganini's cerebellum, as connected with the extraordinary acuteness of his organs of hearing, which enables him to hear conversations carried on in a low tone at a considerable distance. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire remarked that he had been particularly struck with the prominence of the artist's forehead, which hangs over his deeply-seated eyes like a pent-house.—*Mirror*.

The copyright of the miscellaneous prose works of Sir Walter Scott, which comprize six volumes 8vo., was sold on Thursday in M. Ewen's Rooms, for the sum of £240. Only three bidders appeared, two of whom retired soon after the competition had begun; the third—Mr. Cadell—being understood, as in the former sale of the Waverley novels, to bid in behalf of the illustrious author himself. We understand that Sir Walter will set out to-day upon his continental tour. He performs the voyage in a king's ship, and will make Naples his residence for the winter. His amiable daughter, Miss Scott, who, since the death of Lady Scott, has entirely devoted herself to the comfort of her venerable parent, accompanies Sir Walter.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

The Guardian,

GIVETH GREETING:—

To all those who have favoured us with assistance or advice our thanks are most respectfully proffered. With a continuance of such kind co-operation and friendship as we have already experienced, we cannot but prosper.

Mr. J. T. is particularly thanked for his communication. The "Remarks on Criticism" will be probably adopted next week; the other paper he will hear of further.

Mr. Simperwell is informed that we cannot let him have our publication for sixpence. It may be very true that "a gentleman of literary taste would as soon pay sixpence or a shilling as twopence for a good paper;" but we are also of opinion, founded upon a late examination of the authorized census, that there are more honest people with twopence than sixpence to spare!

* * * Our present Number is deficient in many departments for which matter had been prepared, but delayed from want of room. NEW PRINTS, EXHIBITIONS, MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS, &c. will be fully attended to next week. Early copies should be forwarded.

Many Advertisements came too late for insertion in our present Number, which it was found necessary to close on Wednesday night, to be ready for the Magazine parcels on Thursday. In future no very long Advertisement can be received after Thursday noon. A new and highly attractive SYSTEM OF DISPLAYING in this department is in preparation for NEXT WEEK.

THE TRADE are informed that NO FURTHER IMPRESSION of our first Number can be made after TUESDAY NEXT; THE EDITION ONCE EXHAUSTED CAN NEVER BE RENEWED. ALL FURTHER ORDERS SHOULD BE GIVEN WITHOUT DELAY

Advertisements.

ANNIVERSARY CALENDER AND UNIVERSAL MIRROR.—In consequence of the repeated complaints that have been made respecting the non-completion of this work, as stipulated in the prospectus, the publisher is under the necessity of stating that the delay has been caused by circumstances over which he could have no control. The Editor, however, has now resumed his labours, and the Concluding Part, containing the Index, &c. will be ready, very shortly.—Subscribers are requested to complete their sets without delay. 228, Regent Street, Sept. 30.

CARPENTER'S POLITICAL MAGAZINE for October, comprising 40 pages 8vo., price 6d., is published this day. Contents: the Editor to his Readers—Monthly Retrospect, Domestic and Foreign—Sketches of America—Social Economy; the Value of Money—A Chapter on the Church—The Metropolitan Newspapers—Pen and Ink Sketch of Lord John Russell—What will the Lords do?—Evils of the Taxes upon Knowledge—Political Documents—Notes of the Month—Chronicle of Events—Provincial Occurrences—Varieties—Commercial Intelligence, &c. &c. &c.

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